

Woman's Suffering and Relief.

These languid, tremulous sensations, causing you to feel as if you were on your feet, but constant fainting that is taking from your system all its former elasticity...

A Fatal Card Story.

I was afflicted with kidney and urinary troubles—'For twenty years!' After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of, I used two bottles of Hop Bitters.

And I am perfectly cured. I keep it! All the time! Respectfully, B.F. Booth, Sainsbury, Tenn., May 4, 1885.

BRADFORD, Pa., May 8, 1875. It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc.

A tour to Europe that cost me \$3,000, does not cost me more than one bottle of Hop Bitters. They also cured my chronic constipation, my "vicious weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."

So, BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, 79. Since I have been suffering ten years, and tried your Hop Bitters, and it does me more good than all the doctors.

Miss S. S. Boone. We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother which at the same time restored her to perfect health and cheerfulness.

The Parents, Rochester, N. Y. None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label—Beware of the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

HOSTETTER'S

STOMACH BITTERS

ANGOSTURA BITTERS

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The Blue, the Gray and Grant.

They sat together, side by side, in the shade of an orange tree. One had followed the flag of Grant. The other had fought with Lee.

AN INVINCIBLE ALLY.

It is my custom of a Monday—which, as everybody knows, is the parson's Sunday—to smoke a cigar after lunch; and the slight unpleasantness which had occurred between me and myself was, I considered, no sufficient reason for breaking an old and salutary rule.

As I approached the bridge I was considerably annoyed to observe the figure of a man upon it. He was leaning over the parapet, idly gazing into the water beneath. My temper, I hasten to mention, is a remarkably equable one, but nothing disturbs it more quickly than the intrusion of strangers into my grounds.

Under no aspect, however, could the bridge be considered part of the path referred to, and this I resolved the intruder should at once be made to understand. With that object in view I quickened my pace to a sharp trot.

By an unfortunate chance just as I reached my destination a gust of wind caught my hat and blew it into the water. On perceiving this the stranger, with loud exclamations, ran down to the bank on which I stood, and before I could protest had walked into the middle of the stream, secured the errant article and restored it to my hands.

It certainly was provoking that, with every reason to be otherwise, I was forced to appear grateful to the man for his promptitude. Nevertheless, this did not affect the fact that he had been intruding, as after a moment I proceeded to enforce upon his attention.

"Very truly," he answered, with a light laugh. "Shall we resume our former positions—I on the bridge—you bareheaded on the bank, haranguing me as to the wrongfulness of my conduct with a fervid eloquence wholly lost, I regret to say, upon my unworthy self, while the intrusions have drifted placidly down the stream."

His tone of levity jarred on my feelings, albeit his manner, if lacking in respect, had certain charm about it. "It is not a subject for laughter," I rejoined, in a grave voice; "the rights of property must be observed, else there is an end to social order."

"He laughed again in his easy fashion, his eyes fixed without reserve, he said: "Really, I owe you an apology for venturing into the water without first asking permission. But the occasion was one of those in which if a man hesitates he—or, as it happened, the hat—is lost."

I fear I shall not be acquitted of weakness, but the infection of his bright eyes could not be resisted. "Sh, with a slight smile, I replied more softly: "That, however, does not justify the first transgression."

"Ah!" he cried, "if you will go back to original sin, I am, indeed, undone. Behold me struggling toward a sense of better things, when suddenly you sweep down and condemn me on the very thing which I have just done!"

"Young man," I said, "you should not speak on serious topics."

"I don't if I don't," he answered. "I'm sorry if I do, but I'm not going to stop at a wrinkle in my eye; that prevents me so closely to watch and prevent my rising to higher and more ethereal planes."

No one could have been more surprised than myself to find that I was actually laughing at this sorry piece of humor. Yet such was the case. He recognized his advantage and was not slow to profit by it.

"Come, sir," he suggested, "wouldn't it be as well to tie a handkerchief round your head? I don't know how you stand for furnishing without, but good quality or bad, the east wind is apt to play the very devil with them."

"Really, sir," I expostulated—not however, forgetting to act upon the hint—"although the advice may be good, your manner of giving it is offensive—highly offensive."

"Is it?" he said, with a blank look of innocence. "You're sook! I'm awfully sorry. It's the fault of my training. I presume. You'd please me under a considerable obligation if you'd tell me whenever I am offensive."

Let a man be conscious that he has faults, and there is help for him. It is only when he considers himself above correction that the case is irremediable.

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